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JOYOUS PASTER VOICES.

By Ame C.

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PS 2359 .M62 Jb

Copyright 1887 Hard & Parsons, New YORK. BE glad! be glad! For Christ your word is meen.

Ring out! ye bells in a silver chime.

Herald the joyous Easter-time.

Blend your notes in the song sublime

That swells from earth to Meaven

Sing out! sing out! Ye birds in the glad sunshing.

Blithely carol your songs of praise.

In warblings sweet, or resonant lays,

Tell of your joy in a thousand ways,

and tell it in every clime.



WAKE! awake! Ye flowers so sweet and shy.

Come from under your clustering leaves,

Show your fair faces among the wreaths

That worshiping Love, as an offering weaves,

To lay on the alters high.

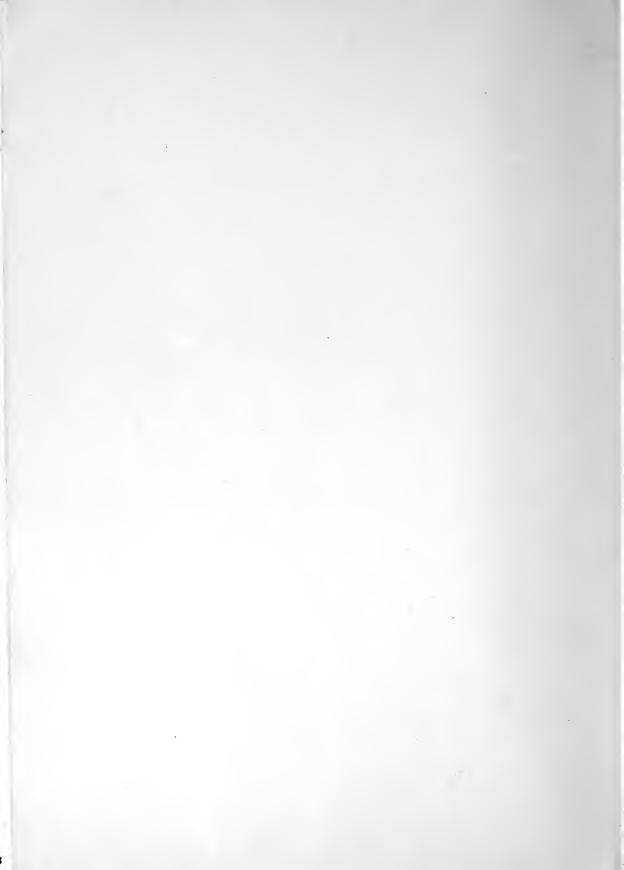
Rejoice! rejoice! Ye blossoming shrubs and trees.

Ye that garments so dainty wear,

That smile on the world so pure and fair,

Breathe your fragrance upon the air,

Laden the jovous breeze.



AND blow! and blow! Ye breezes soft and mini-Gather your sweets from flower and tree,

Bear them afar over land and sea,

Scatter them wide wherever ye be,

In garden or desert wild.

Ond flow! and flow! Ye brooks and xaters far.

Carry the tidings far, and well.

Sing, as ye go over rock and dell:

To far-off strands your gladness tell.

That some may be gladdened there.



ON high! on high! Ye mountains, too, rejoice!

From gentle slope to highest crest,

Waft, and echo the tidings blest.

Os each resounding—still the hest— Rises, a wonderous voice.

Orise! arise! all that have voice and sing Sing for the Saviour risen to-day.

The beauty of earth, the beavenly way,

Let every beart in its gladness say

Christ is our Bord and King'



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